

dropouts of last Sunday's interview with Katherine Grey, who then explained the basis of her recent legal proceeding against Richard Mansfield, the attention of *The Times* has been called to the arrival of O'Connell Bennett, recently printed in the *Chicago Journal*.¹ Three things prompt the reproduction of the essay—first, the fact that present circumstances give the dispute a new second, a desire to be together fair, and, last, the extreme cleverness of Mr. Bennett's marks. The publication, which was headed "The Lady and the Lawsuit," followed:

The general intention at last Mr. Mansfield's treasury is about gone, and histrionic poverty, from the blue-blooded leaders of the theatre, has descended to the lowly ranks of the night-stand offry house, is licking its lips for the prospect of seeing a great man once again in the hands of the law, and is to the exact merits of the present contention that Mr. Mansfield in both a fool and a scoundrel. It is a pity that it is as impossible to speak with entire confidence of the fair prosecutor-to-be, who desires for her own sake to be proved right, as to the tune of \$10,000, has done all the talking for her. Mr. Mansfield's version of the tale, if he ever it is, is so full of holes that it may present the reader in quite a different aspect. It is feasible the lady takes herself, and her attorney, the distinguished Able Hummel, more seriously than any other living lawyer, lifts his

Hands and jumps upon gentle riders. Something like that I fancy Mr. Mansfield may have said, but that he uttered the "Rebels-against-the-law" phrase, that his fair prosecutor-to-be credits him with, is altogether false. For, you see, he has a sense of humor and a sense of justice. He is not a lawyer, however, he exercised that judgment on his own discomfiture—upon a reporter who had been so successful in his efforts to get the theatre with the brilliant question, "Do you regard yourself as an actor?"

Mr. Mansfield, without hitting a nail, cracked his head in the middle of the question, and since Garrick's. The danger in answering a fool repeating in his folly was aptly illustrated in the case of the reporter. He was laughing, as per expectation, but went his shining way and printed the quip in chilling type.

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The Times cannot agree with Mr. Bennett in all the opinions he has expressed—cannot agree with anyone who endeavors to make a case out of a case, or to make an artist—but it is willing to concede that

and the Strakosch Opera Company, which is coming to the Lafayette, is to demand \$100 a piece for best seats. This is more than a stock organization ever has asked in Washington. It is precisely twice what the Castle Square people exacted, either at Lafayette or the Columbia, and Mr. Strakosch never has proved his troupe to

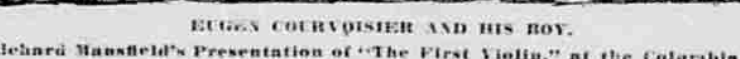
comic, every tendency of the piece and of the period pointing in that direction. But, whether the Bard intended Shylock's "relief" or not, there is no creation in his works that can be rendered so laughable. Without departing from the lines of traditional business, the courtroom scene is convertible into howling farce. So, too, are the dialogues between the Duke and Antonio, the Duke and the Jewish

What! Happened to Jones.' And yet the first thing that he had produced was full of weeps—the 'Speculator.' No person can hold a mask in either hand. Apropos! Have you heard Mr. Broadhurst's story on Mr. Hoyt? The yarn tells that the celebrated satirist used to own a rural theatre, that he lost half his possessions in running it, and that finally, he staked his all in bringing on a famous humorist. The

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2a, | house was crowded for the occasion, but, |

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